

History Is in the Making

Back in the golden days using the olden ways
men drew their horses reigns
Flying through Kitty Hawk, drunk in the musty
dock
cattle herds across the plains
Time doesn't give us hope, throw us a helpful
rope
leaves us to whither and
crisp
Makes strong men small and frail, makes sultry beauties
pale
and leads us like a Will-o-the-Wisp

But remember that time is not the
catalyst
Treasure locked underground in Pharaoh's golden mummy
mist
Time won't wait for you til tomorrow so your hand may I
borrow
Shall we lead the ballroom in a waltz?

Years before Shakespeare wrote heaven a little
note
still men and women kissed
Drew swords in battles mean made pots with decor
obscene
even sang a lovely
list

Frankly I'm Franklin's kite, Bach got me back
tonight
let's kiss the universe blue
I'm holding hands with God , you've got a peach and sod
I control the way we think drink)
(with a